

NATIONAL INVESTIGATIONS COMMITTEE

ON AERIAL PHENOMENA

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SKYLIGHT

WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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EVALUATION OF INFORMATION

GEN. ALBERT C. WEDEMEYER,
USA (RET.)
POOLESVILLE, MARYLAND

Dear friend:

Your interest in our investigation of Unidentified Flying Objects (flying saucers) is greatly appreciated. Since 1950 the Air Force has kept thousands of authentic UFO reports from the public. While we believe we know their reasons, we are convinced that Americans have a right to the truth. To that end, NICAP has set up a nationwide network—soon to be worldwide—for reporting UFO sightings and hidden developments.

All this information — uncensored — will be revealed to NICAP members in a monthly magazine and in confidential bulletins. The magazine will include dramatic, authentic sightings by veteran pilots and other competent witnesses; behind-the-scene stories of the Air Force secret investigation; proof of the censorship which has muzzled hundreds of pilots; the pro's and con's of the question, "Is there life on Mars?"; and special articles on the UFO problem and our own space-travel plans.

In addition, NICAP will hold public hearings on claims of contacts with spacemen—to expose hoaxes and also to ferret out the facts. All this will be covered in the monthly magazine, with many other features, such as—a serialized history of UFO's with new sidelights on famous sightings; frank answers to readers' questions; and a monthly department in which I shall reveal some "inside stories" I have learned in the last two years.

As an Associate Member of NICAP—for an annual fee of \$7.50—you will receive the monthly magazine and the special bulletins. You will also be privileged to join a NICAP club in your area and become part of our large reporting network. Most important of all, you will be playing a vital role—not only in aiding to end the censorship—but in helping to find all the answers to the UFO mystery.

To become a NICAP member, merely forward your \$7.50 membership fee to

NICAP
1536 Connecticut Avenue
Washington 6, D. C.

We hope you will join us in this factual yet fascinating work.

Sincerely yours,



DEK:RHC

Donald E. Keyhoe, Major USMC (Ret.)
Director of NICAP

A privately-supported fact-finding body serving the national public interest

NATIONAL INVESTIGATIONS COMMITTEE ON AERIAL PHENOMENA

A non-profit organization

1536 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 6, D. C.

Telephone NOrth 7-9434

Cable Address SKYLIGHT

Statement on Unidentified Flying Objects by Admiral Delmer S. Fahrney, USN (Ret.) Chairman of the Board of Governors of NICAP

"Reliable reports indicate that there are objects coming into our atmosphere at very high speeds... No agency in this country or Russia is able to duplicate at this time the speeds and accelerations which radars and observers indicate these flying objects are able to achieve.

"There are signs that an intelligence directs these objects because of the way they fly. The way they change position in formations would indicate that their motion is directed. The Air Force is collecting factual data on which to base an opinion, but time is required to sift and correlate the material.

"As long as such unidentified objects continue to navigate through the earth's atmosphere, there is an urgent need to know the facts. Many observers have ceased to report their findings to the Air Force because of the seeming frustration—that is, all information going in, and none coming out. It is in this area that NICAP may find its greatest mission.

"We are in a position to screen independently all UFO information coming in from our filter groups.

"General Albert C. Wedemeyer will serve the Committee as Evaluations Adviser and complete analyses will be arranged through leading scientists. After careful evaluation, we shall release our findings to the public."

Statement by Donald E. Keyhoe, Major USMC (Ret.) Director of NICAP

"To carry out the policy stated by Admiral Fahrney, NICAP is developing investigative units and clubs which interested persons may join. Membership in NICAP, at \$7.50, also will include a monthly newsletter containing recent UFO (or flying saucer) sightings, reports on secret developments, exciting articles by scientists, pilots and UFO researchers, a new serialized history of flying saucers, and many other features.

"Regardless of membership, we would greatly appreciate receiving news clippings or firsthand UFO sighting reports."

LEE DE FOREST

8190 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.

LOS ANGELES 46, CALIF.

February 11, 1954

Mr. Frank Scully
c/o Variety
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, California

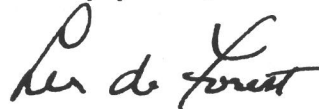
Dear Mr. Scully:

I am sorry I missed your call yesterday, but frankly, I am too busy to worry about any unknown "vortex" in the Outpost area. I refuse to get excited over any flying saucer reports, but I am glad if you have been able to make some money from such reports and theories.

For some time now, I have been working on devices for obtaining electricity or mechanical power directly from heat. Last week there was a T-V broadcast regarding same.

If you think there might be material here for your column, come on up.

Sincerely yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Lee de Forest', with a stylized flourish at the end.

Lee de Forest

LdeF;lt

400--Tilden Hall
Washington 8 D.C.

January 17, 1954

Dear Mr. Scully:-

As you are an expert on Flying Saucers I wish to ask you a few questions.

Adamski of Palomar Gardens -- Have you read his story published in London about his having had a meeting with a man from Venus? That happened on 20 Nov. 1952 and 13 Dec. 1952 when the same Venusian brought back a camera film with some strange symbols on it.

Have you ever met Adamski? Do you believe his story?

Somewhere in his story he said that the Venusian told Adamski many things that Adamski does not wish to retell. Just in what language did the Venusian reveal his confidence to Adamski?

from other planets

Adamski in his story said that many space individuals/are now living on Earth, and that he knows about them. Just how did he know that? What's the secret of revealing these space individuals' whereabouts so that we may look at them. Surely we are not that savage as to kill them. Adamski also mentioned that he did not want to betray the Venusian's trust by picking his fingerprint from the film holder. In what respect could that hurt an innocent and respectable individual from another world?

I am not doubting the existence of other planetray people or their ability to reach the Earth. But Adamski's story is somewhat too far fetched for common belief. I have been dealing with hoaxes since 1921, and in my unpublished Mss. I expose some amazing tales published with photographs and text of letters--all spurious. It's like the DuPré hoax, magnified 100 times.

Scully's book -- You never answered two questions of over a year ago. What happened to the space man captured by the Army? What did they do with the other dead people, 5 or 6 of them found in the crashed saucer? What about their pictures?

Why didn't you reveal the name of that man who gave that momentous lecture at (?) --- college or campus when he first announced the landing of a saucer somewhere in the Arizona Desert? What's the secret?

Adamski-- Do you believe his tale that the Venusian returned on Dec. 13, 1952 and handed Adamski his film from the Saucer's porthole?

Affidavits-- Why did they resort to such microscopic print to reproduce the 4 affidavits published in Adamski's? Was it ~~xxx~~ so that we can't read them?

Interplanetray telepathy -- Would you subscribe to the belief that out of the 160 million people in the U.S. plus another 300 million on the American Continent, that Adamski was the Chosen One--like Moses--for a Venusian to return to Earth expressly to meet him. The legend about God revealing himself to Moses stuck right enough for the past 2000 years, but in these modern times the Adamski legend is to my mind one better on Moses. By that token there should be no doubt that the Hebrews must be God's Chosen.

As you are not far from Adamski you may, if you wish, show him this letter for his reply if he wants to answer some of the questions. No obligation on him to do so.
Let me hear from you, will be glad to know your reaction. Sincerely,

William Lloyd

3-31-54

Mr. Frank Scully
% Henry Holt & Co
N.Y. N.Y.
Dear Mr. Sculley:

I am writting this letter anticipating your full cooperation.


I am Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Milwaukee Junior Chamber of Commerce and have followed all articles pertaining to the "Flying Saucer" investigation conducted by the US Air Force, and also have read all your work on this subject. Just what is the story on this?? Do you sir, have any proof that these things do exist, and if so can we get hold of this information??

Mr. Donald Seymour, Director of Public Affairs of the Junior Chamber and Mr Donald Soucie, Chairman of the Educational Committee of this organization all have great interest in this "Flying Saucer" situation.

I can't help but think that the whole thing is the truth, but we feel that if there is truth and fact in it, we can bring enough pressure to bear on our senator or congressman to get the Air Force file out into the open and let the public know what the hell is going on.

With your cooperation on this matter we will begin to get things moving,,,,,,,I hope. If you have pictures, statistics, anything at all that we can read we would appreciate it if you would send it off as soon as possible.

Anticipating a rapid answer

Respectfully

Clifford R. Bohlman
4016 West Florist Ave
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

From AMG
To FS
April 10/54

1954
Giant Rock
Convention

-1-

A Report of the Spacecraft Convention.

The first "Flying Saucer" convention had been set for Sunday, 4th of April, 1954, and I found myself with an invitation to attend with the Dean of the Flying Saucers, Frank Scully. With his book "Behind the Flying Saucers" he had 'placed his surviving foot on the door' of what has become a vast, cosmic, limitless room. While he stands, surprised at the furore, others come along with stories of explorations beyond belief.

Dawn had scarcely broken when I found myself awake and excited over the proposed adventure. The Palm Springs morning was clear and lovely as always, Frank and his wife, Alice, I hoped were peacefully asleep in the guest room.

I thought of the things I had heard since my friend, Lily, a Southern Belle, had come to visit me, bringing with her a consuming interest in matters Saucerian. She wanted to talk with Adamski or Scully! We had tea with Mr. Scully, an old neighbor on Whitley Heights. His attitude was, and consistently is, that he was simply a reporter.. he wrote what he heard the Scientists said. Later he put it even more tersely and to the point: "I maintain a Chekovian detachment." He has never seen a Flying Saucer.

Not so Kay Mullendore, whose lectures we heard! She is the 'Mama' of the F.S and the first woman to lecture on whatever was known of them..and she knew a lot. She told us that at Giant Rock, in the desert, where the convention is scheduled to take place, there is a man named George Van Tassel. He is a former air pilot, and for several years he has been receiving interstellar communications. There is a room under the Giant Rock and she herself has attended many of the 'seances' with fifty or sixty other people and has many transcriptions and tape recordings of the messages. She was present, she says, when a radio ham operator named George Williamson met Mr. Van Tassel for the first time. He, too had been receiving interplanetary dispatches by way of International Morse Code. Kay said that their data, separately received, tallied in every particular.

The morning moved on, Alice reports that Frank has had a rugged night, and was quite ill. But he is F.S. Frank Scully Flying Saucer, has a part to play today and the Show Must Go On..and it did and we did!

Alice at the wheel, we turn off the highway after a few miles, and are in desert country. From the road long sandy wastes reach to distant mountains. Suddenly grotesque Joshua trees rise all around us..a few villages and then more desert. Frank listens with polite interest to all the tales I have picked up. There may be grains of truth, but around an idea like this, there is bound to be confusion, misinterpretation the dreadful muddle of crackpottism. 'But', I quoted Somebody, "Truth crushed to earth, will rise again." Frank and Alice agreed.

By this time we are well out into the desert. The mountains have closed in a little and the road is a single path, sandy and difficult to navigate, but Alice drives on, pulling to the side into deep sand to allow oncoming cars to pass. We seem to be a thousand miles from nowhere; the Space people couldn't have asked for a more inaccessible spot.

The very first sign appears at long last! There's a stick in the sand at a crossroad; it has a narrow red rag bobbing a little in the almost nonexistent breeze. What an insignificant bit of rag, I thought, to be the precursor of what portends the best colossal, earthshaking marvel...speaking acquaintance with worlds outside our own.

A sign accompanies the flag; 'George and the Gang Welcome You.' More in keeping with the solemnity is another sign that says simply: Spacecraft Convention. Here is a new term. It seems the nickname derived from Kenneth Arnold, who was the first man to see the craft, near Mt. Ranier. He spoke of them as 'saucer-like'; they moved like a saucer skipping on the water, with an undulating movement.

More heavy, dusty road and then in the distance the spectacle appears like a desert mirage. Thousands of people, cars, and some airplanes. Rising above it all is the Giant Rock itself! There is a red flag on top; it is shaped like a stocking. As we draw nearer we see that there is a large second rock, whitewashed, and to the left of us, a mountain of rocks. Its side is covered with men, women and children sitting on the ledges, all looking toward a speaker who is on a stand erected on a small building. Our car moves thru the throngs who are standing, or sitting on cushions, army cots, boxes and newspaper, or are milling about. I feel like a companion to Calpurnia on a triumphal entry with Caesar. I try to see the people. My first impression of them and a continuing impression was of people on a holiday, on a picnic, at the beach. Outdoor people in bright plaid shirts and with sun glasses. The women for the most part in slacks and shorts. To my right are many airplanes, their owners calmly sitting in the shade of the wings. All are intently listening to the speaker. He is George Williamson, the radio operator from Wyoming, who is telling his story. "The Space People are friendly, they are good, they are peaceful" he is saying.

Mr. Scully has been recognized and I become alert to see the men who will approach us. First comes a young, tanned handsome man. He has a good, intelligent face. He is Jerry Baker; he has sort of adopted Mr. Scully with a 'let's get to the bottom of this saucer business' attitude. He reports that everything is well organized and is going nicely. There are five thousand people and about thirty five airplanes; from everywhere!

Then comes a Mr. Dorsey. He has been here all night, nearly a thousand people were there for the night. In trailers, sleeping bags, army cots etc. They were rewarded, for at about midnight there was a huge explosion. There was a great flash, a sharp report and about five minutes later a loud blast with a rumbling and shaking everywhere. The people thought it was the Space fireballs exploding, but, he added, there is a Navy base over the mountain and it may have been some kind of detonation. Later I asked Frank why they didn't find out if it was the Navy. "There is no one to follow up these things" he said "I'm only a writer, I can't do it." I watch the crowd, but tune in enough to hear Mr. Dorsey speak of 'strange people'. The woman from Hollywood with the slanting eyes and odd face; and then Paul, whose grandfather is an Indian and who has done so much good work on the Beam. 'Gracious, I thought, Space People!'

Now to the car comes Mr. Van Tassel! My first thought is of Mr. Lindberg! The man is lean, tanned, slim and fairly tall. Blue eyes that are not piercing, but have looked far into the distance, like a mariner's. He is friendly and pleased to greet Mr. Scully. They speak of the explosion... "High in the air", he says "a big, radiant flash in the sky." Andelucci and Bethurum have both spoken. They have been on the Saucers. Frank is escorted off to the stand, he goes up the ladder steps on his crutches with his incredible agility.

He has equipped Alice and me with round badges. Our names and 'Delegate from Elsewhere. Orbit 7.' That's the Lucky Orbit, he assured us. A daring man has climbed to the top of the huge rock, the people are still attentive; some continue to mill around. Why do they move? they just mill around among themselves, talking, speculating, telling of unbelievable things. Mixing up rumors and passing them on.

At this point Kay comes to take us over with her group. They have an army cot, plenty of cushions and have been there all night. "The Space people were here" she tells us as we make ourselves comfortable, and as Frank is being introduced, "Oh yes, what is more, they exploded an enormous fireball." An extraordinary, circular cloud formation had encircled the speakers stand all morning, and someone had seen a flying saucer in it, and there are Space people here today. As a Palm Springs hostess, this information was welcome, as Extra men are always at a premium for dinner parties.

Above us is the Old Trooper! I knew that he had been in considerable pain and there he was Carrying On..Mr. Flying Saucer himself! With his good good looks, his strong voice and his inimitable wit, he soon has the crowd in the palm of his hand, "We are really pioneers" he says, "Here for the first convention of the Flying Saucers... He knows how to skirt around the subject. They laugh, they applaud. All he says is Maybe yes, maybe no. He has never seen a saucer, he has not read the books of the men who have ridden on them. "After all authors do not necessarily take in each other's washing. And most of the time they can't afford to buy each others' books." To my delight he quotes me, I hear myself quoted. He mispronounces my name, and I'm the only one in the 5000 who hears it, but I do with that magnetic attraction we have for our own name. "Truth" he says "crushed to earth, will rise again."

Truth is going to take an awful beating on this flying saucer deal. To evaluate it, you can't discount it all. Much seems to check and dovetail..much is junk, but much has substance. Imaginations will run riot; we will unintentionally believe and embellish our own colorations; stories will fly, faster than the saucers; impending doom will be preached as it was in the year 1000, when France collapsed under the very weight of the warnings. As Frank is saying: "The trouble is, that retelling wears off the surface and puts on a new sheen..its the way science fiction writers are born."

Under a beach umbrella a bald, undistinguished man is autographing his book. He is Truman Bethurum, a mechanic. His book, which I buy, is "Aboard a Flying Saucer". They cost three dollars, he is selling a lot of them, and I am glad for him. I also buy Mr. Van Tassel's little paper backed book "I Rode A Flying Saucer". Need I say I had them both autographed. On the table were a number of pamphlets and magazines. The small publications had notified people of the convention and 5000 had responded.

Now we disband for lunch! Everyone retreats to his own bailiwick or trailer or rock, as in our case. Alice has a perfect picnic lunch; a card table and chairs appear from somewhere, and we set up behind a very large rock. Planes come and go, droning thru the air. Looking up, I ask: "Do you suppose there are any Space people here?" Jerry, who has joined us, replies "Yes, there are." "Oh, do you think so?" "I don't think so, I know so," he says quietly. "They tell me I am one," Frank says, "on Only I don't know it....Oh boy, are the gophers going to have a picnic when this is over? They'll be yelling at one another "Hey fellas look what I found." I said: "I'll bet the insect world instigated this meeting and not the space people at all. The man who fixed my car told me that humans were not the most intelligent form of life. Its the ants and the bees. Anyway, there'll be a hot time in the new town tonight. There's talk of a good deal of settling and building around here." By this time I am in the know, and try to pass on the usual misinformation. People have found Frank and he is surrounded by engineers and People Like That.

Alice and I walk down to investigate the Rock. A boy is flying high on a big swing that has been anchored securely into the rock up above. People are wandering around, aimlessly, and several are peering thru a window into the room beneath the rock where the experiments take place. This is the place we want to see, too. It is smaller than I had expected. Against the far wall are two tired daybeds..and a Morris chair. There is a piano; near our window is a long shelf of books. We cannot see the titles,

The Space Craft Convention. 4.

but I venture to say there are "The Lost Continent of Mu" "Children of Mu" and perhaps "Oahpse!" Kay has said that the Continent of Mu is rising. "Look at the Saltan Sea" Mr. Van Tassel said "The sea is not rising, the land around it is sinking." Behind the books are a few lovely, fresh water colors. Nearby, sitting on rocks, are two shadrifs from Twenty Nine Palms. They are talking about the man who made the room under the rock. I cock my ear toward them, girl reporter from Mars that I am. "The man who built the room" the police are saying "no one knew who he was, or where he came from...he said to the police, 'don't come any nearer or I'll set off this dynamite I have on me.'" They did and he did. Probably a spy from Rooshia!

Mr. Van Tassel is already speaking. We are late. We find Kay and sit with her, a fine view of the stand and everything else. "We fed thirty five people" she told us "Everyone excited and talking about the Saucers. Even hard headed business men are being convinced by the Adamski book. "Flying Saucers Have Landed." There is so much that can't be told yet...the Saucerians say we must not drop any more hydrogen bombs, for they set off such highly dangerous waves of radio activity...."

Mr. Van Tassel continues. And now hold your hats! "There ARE people here today, right now, in this audience, who are from Outer Space. But I am NOT going to identify them. There are 10,000 of these people on the earth..." He leans easily on the railing, an earnest young man. He has on a yellow shirt, a yellow billed cap, tan slacks. Fairly usual garb for this part of the country; he speaks with facility, answers questions graciously and is in dead earnest. He believes what he is saying!

Some of the questions and answers were interesting, ^{enough} to jot down:

First question: Is it possible to ask the space people to land at a convention?

"It is possible to ask them, but it does not necessarily mean that they will land. They never actually land on the earth...everyone ~~who~~ who has contacted them agree that they hover near the ground, but do not touch the earth. To board them, there is a step up of about three feet."

Can a person of this planet meet Space people if they would like to?

"They are always ready to make a contact with anyone ready to venture."

What is their method of propulsion?

"Electronic instruments. Originally, by thought transference; they've been working for years to perfect method. Find "Omni Beam" most effective." Mr. Scully is asked to give his theory of magnetic propulsion. It is beyond me.

Is there intelligent life on Venus and Mars?

"Just flatly, yes."

Are they friendly?

"Emphatically yes. All are agreed that their purpose is entirely one of friendly interest. They are under a law which is a unit...they cannot and will not harm anyone. But they will not allow us to be harmful either. They've said, if their laws permitted, they could take over our planet at any time. Mr. Van Tassel remarks: "You will remember, in Korea there was a Cease Fire order given and it was observed on both sides and fighting ~~stopped~~ stopped. The order was traced and no one could be found on either side who had given it. There were Saucers flying over the Korean front."

How do they adjust to our atmosphere?

"Same as we do. When we send a deep sea diver into the water, we prepare him for the condition. The atmospheric changes are not as great as they have been made out to be."

Do you think they might take over our world?

Answer: "We have said their mission is peaceful. I don't think we've got anything they want". (Applause)

Why is our planet so behind the times?

"In the Universe, time does not exist. There are only planes of progress. The earth is just below the middle plane."

At what time of day do they usually land?

"Usually at night. The world is asleep and they do not want to infringe upon our rights." Mr. Bethurum says if a crowd was there, panic might occur, and someone get hurt. It seems, however that Mr. Adamski, contacted them in the daytime and the government air force has movies of the encounter."

Is there disease on the planets?

"No, there is none. They live to be about 300 then die naturally..and there is rejoicing and celebrating, no mourning. They have just gone on to a vibration of a higher level." Mr. Berthurum says on Clarion, which is a planet hidden by the moon, there is no disease, no accidents. They drive nutronic jeeps with magnetic equipment which makes it impossible for them to collide. Much of our disease is caused by wearing metal on our person..and by sudden changes, from one condition to another. Change should take place gradually."

Are there really some Space people here today? Will you have them come forward?

"I will tell you there are several here today. I will not identify them. One or two have made themselves known to me."

Is there physical evidence of their landing?

"Yes, but we have to maintain secrecy."

By this time the sun is going behind the mountain. We are grateful for our coats and sweaters, and begin to think of finding Frank and starting for home. On the high platform are Mr. Scully, Mr. Van Tassel, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Berthurum, Mr. Angellucci (whose story we have not heard). Mr. Adamski, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Arnold are not present. The people remain, they still stand, sit, mill around, buying milk from an enterprising man with a truck; the mountain is still lined with eager listeners.

The talk goes on, each man on the platform seriously giving his contribution to the extraordinary subject. They say there are a hundred people who have been on the saucers. The Space people do not use the word Saucer, but call the craft Ventlas. Where are the ventlas that have crashed and have been taken? Mr. Scully replies that for two years he has asked the Air Force, in a book, often in a syndicated column and there has been no answer. ..Mr. Van Tassel tell his story of contact with them right in this area. Conversation and communications are in excellent English, altho they seem to read thought and answer questions before they are formulated...Religion? We all worship the same Creator, although on this earth, which, by the way, they call Shan, we worship in word but not in deed. The people of no planet die. Life is eternal!

The sun is setting. Mr. Van Tassel says the main purpose of the convention is to get the approval of those gathered, to address a telegram to President Eisenhower. "Project Flying Saucer" should be taken out of the hands of the military..these space people have made no act that would involve the military..we, the people of this country have a right to know the truth. To have a right evaluation by a proper investigating committee...It is so unanimously voted.

That has been my thought from the first! Why the assumption that these people if indeed there be these people, are enemies? It is Mr. Scully's earnest desire that some body in authority shall take hold of this thing, which, in suppression, is taking on monstrous proportions. Out of the debris of conjecture and hearsay, should be ferreted the grain or grains of truth. If there be truth, it will withstand the bombardment

The Space Craft Convention 6.

of skepticism and ridicule, for Truth, crushed to earth WILL rise again. The Space People are friendly..the Giant Rock men are friendly and earnest. There should surely be a friendly and earnest hearing, and what facts are found, placed before 'us..the people.'

Now Alice and I go over to join Frank who has descended from the platform. We are stopped in our tracks by Mr. Van Tassel saying..Frank! here's a Dark horse! Every convention has to have a Dark Horse***Another man who has contacted a Flying Saucer. A new man has joined the group; he might be a technician of some kind..and is. A radio technician from White Sands Proving Grounds. He is Dan Fry..he is not a speaker he says,he was a member of the Cup and Saucer Club, a few ham radio operators who got together over coffee and discussed the flying saucers....

The incident occurred on July 4th 1950. Now it can be told... He takes out a composition book, which is filled with his pencilled story. "Diary" he reads "Tonight I joined the realm of the F.S.B's. The Flying Saucer Believers. It was nine oclock in the evening, all the others had taken the bus to town.....".

The rapt attention with which he was regarded was as fresh and complete as when the first speaker started hours ago. I knew that another Saucer book was being born and that I would be the first to try to buy it.

Mrs. Van Tassel thanks Mr. Scully graciously. As one housewife to another I suggest that she ask for a few volunteers to pick up the litter of cans and cartons. We make our departure and are back on the dusty road, going toward home, which is "Elsewhere" as our badge has it.

Up in the sky ahead of us is a most unusual cloud formation. "Like a bird in flight without wings" says Alice. "Its like a smashed frankfurter" says Frank, who is in the back seat, tired to the bone, but alert when any of our conversation interests him. "Oh look" from me, "There is a wonderful rainbow in the bottom of the cloud. I have never seen anything like it. It must be for Frank, the Space child! " And Alice replied, with her carressing way with the fill sound. "It is for all the Worlld". It was for all the worlld like a sweet and lovely blessing.

The next morning at the breakfast table I had to report that all night I seemed to be dreaming of CUPS. Just rows of thin blue cups. No saucers. Of course the Scullys said no psychiatrist would have any trouble working that out.

But lets end the story with the beautiful rainbow in the cloud and say with Alice "It's a rainbow for ALL the Worlld".

Anne McKittrick (Gougler)

April 14, 1954

Dear Mr. Bohlman:-

Thank you for your letter of March 31 which I just received from Henry Holt and Co., I note that you are chairman of the legislative committee and I will cut to the chase by telling you that on April 4, 1954, five thousand people assembled at Giant Rock, 45 miles in the desert beyond 29 Palms which in itself is considered the desert outpost. There they held the first outdoor convention in the matter of flying saucers and passed unanimously a resolution asking President Eisenhower to take the whole matter of investigating flying saucers out of the hands of the U. S. Air Force and turn the enquiry over to civilians.

At that convention four speakers told in detail their personal contact with flying saucers, members of crews and of communications. In fact their stories including George Adamski's are already in print and go far beyond where I went in BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS.

If your committee can fortify this request to the President to turn Project Saucer over to civilians, maybe we will get out of the area of double talk and get the truth of what is going on in the upper atmosphere. I have always argued that this vast and mysterious subject was literally over their heads of Air Force Intelligence.

Any of the material which you want can be had from these books. For myself I've been trying for three years to get going on a new book but it is a dreadfully difficult job evaluating this material as a one man project saucer. Additionally I am swamped with correspondence, which proves to me the Air Force with all its millions isn't doing the job or I wouldn't be asked to do it. You could write to the Bureau of Copyrights which might give you the title to all these books, as some are published by regular publishers and some are privately printed.

With all best wishes,

Faithfully yours,

April 14, 1954

A. W. Haydon Esq.,
Western Marine Co.,
95 Moorland Road,
Western Super Mare,
England.

Dear Mr. Haydon:-

Re: BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS

As you probably suspect I get letters from all over the world and am so much in arrears that I'm afraid hundreds of these good people will never be answered short of another book, and by then they might be too annoyed with me even to read it. But yours I suppose comes in the category of the last shall be first, and besides, since you have a lecture coming up April 30, and may be speaking to 1700 people I must get some word to you, especially as this is the Easter season and requires an extra effort in the name of Christian charity.

Moreover yours was a wonderful letter and the fact that you thought so much of our magnetic theory of propulsion made it doubly welcome. I think myself that is the part of the book which will stand the test of time and as I understand it, this is the first time such material has appeared in any book.

I am so loaded with new material that I couldn't possibly give you a fraction of it in a letter which should get off today to reach you in time for your meeting. In fact it will take me a year to evaluate this material and get it into readable form.

Two weeks ago I attended the first outdoor convention on this vast and mysterious subject. It was held at Giant Rock which is about 40 miles north of Palm Springs. It is just a rock, a dry lake bed, which is used as a landing field and a small living quarters under the rock where George Van Tassel, a former Lockheed test pilot, and author of "I Rode a Flying Saucer" lives.

There were 55 planes on that dry lake, a thousand cars around the field, and five thousand persons present. Four speakers told in detail of personal contacts

with space craft, members of their crews and one told of communications by International Morse Code. George Adamski wasn't there as he was lecturing in the east, but he too, claims personal contact and conversation with a visitor from outer space.

Indeed, I felt old hat as I had dealt with grounded saucers and dead crews, so you can see how far this subject has traveled in three years. A member of Air Force Intelligence was announced as invited to speak, but none showed up, unless he were flying around above this almost unbelievable mass meeting far beyond where even cayotes dare to go.

At the end of the convention a resolution was passed unanimously to send a telegram to President Eisenhower requesting that he removed this enquiry from the hands of the U S Air Force and turn it over to civilians, in the hope that all this double talk would finally cease. I don't know whether we will get such action, but since the Air Force has admitted that the presence of these unfamiliar objects do not seem to constitute a threat to national defense there is no earthly, nor heavenly reason why they should continue to be custodians of any material relating to it.

I tried very hard to hold a neutral position between the Pentagonians, a strange race living in the Pentagon, Washington, D.C., and the Saucerians from elsewhere, but more and more I find myself pushed over to the side of the Saucerians. Air Force officers scoff at this whole subject while in office, but it is surprising how many of them take a different view when released of their official chains. In fact at a briefing recently of reserve officers, the spokesman, now inactive himself, but just having returned from Washington, said the Air Force really believed now these objects are real, come from outer space, and that they have about 20% of sightings which give them no answer along conventional lines. These case histories which run about 750, the ex-Air Force spokesman admitted to me were from their own pilots, radar experts and other technicians. So they are now stuck with witnesses who do not seem to fortify their old idea that anybody who believe in flying saucers was crazy. It's quite a change.

Of course you know what is being done in Canada, and that they have set up a project saucer officially there, and are trying to solve the secret of magnetic propulsion in relation to it.

With all best wishes,

Faithfully yours,

FS:AP

FRANK SCULLY

P.S. For heaven's sakes take a pin and nick out the ink which has clogged your letters, particularly o, e, h, c, n and u. Well, all of them. It will only take a minute. After that your typing will be as clean as your mind. F.S.

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W. P. MARSHALL, PRESIDENT

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FRANK SCULLY, DONT PHONE=.

WEEKLY VARIETY=

2071 GRACE AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF=.

A PRESS CONFERENCE WILL BE HELD MONDAY MORNING APRIL 23 AT 10:30 A.M. ACTUAL MOTION PICTURES OF UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECTS COMMONLY CALLED FLYING SAUCERS WILL BE SHOWN FOR FIRST TIME. THESE SECRET FILMS HAVE BEEN HELD AND ANALYZED BY NAVY AND AIR FORCE SCIENTISTS AND HAVE NEVER BEEN REVEALED TO THE PRESS BY PENTAGON. FILMS ARE A PART OF FULL LENGTH FEATURE PICTURE WHICH WILL BE SHOWN BASED ON OFFICIAL AIR FORCE STUDY OF CONTROVERSIAL FLYING SAUCER SIGHTINGS. OTHER FACTS NEVER BEFORE TOLD ABOUT THIS CONTROVERSY WILL BE DISCLOSED. THIS IS NOT SCIENCE FICTION NOR CONVENTIONAL HOLLYWOOD MOVIE. URGENTLY REQUEST CONTENTS OF THIS WIRE BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL UNTIL SHOWING AND CONFERENCE AT ACADEMY AWARD THEATRE, 9038 MELROSE AVENUE, HOLLYWOOD=

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